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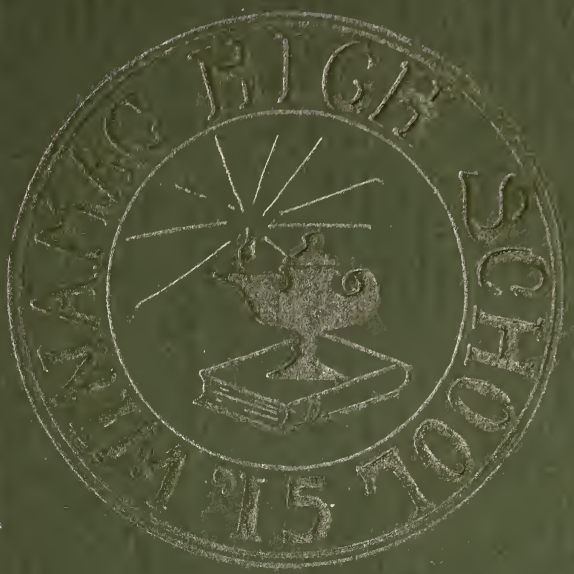
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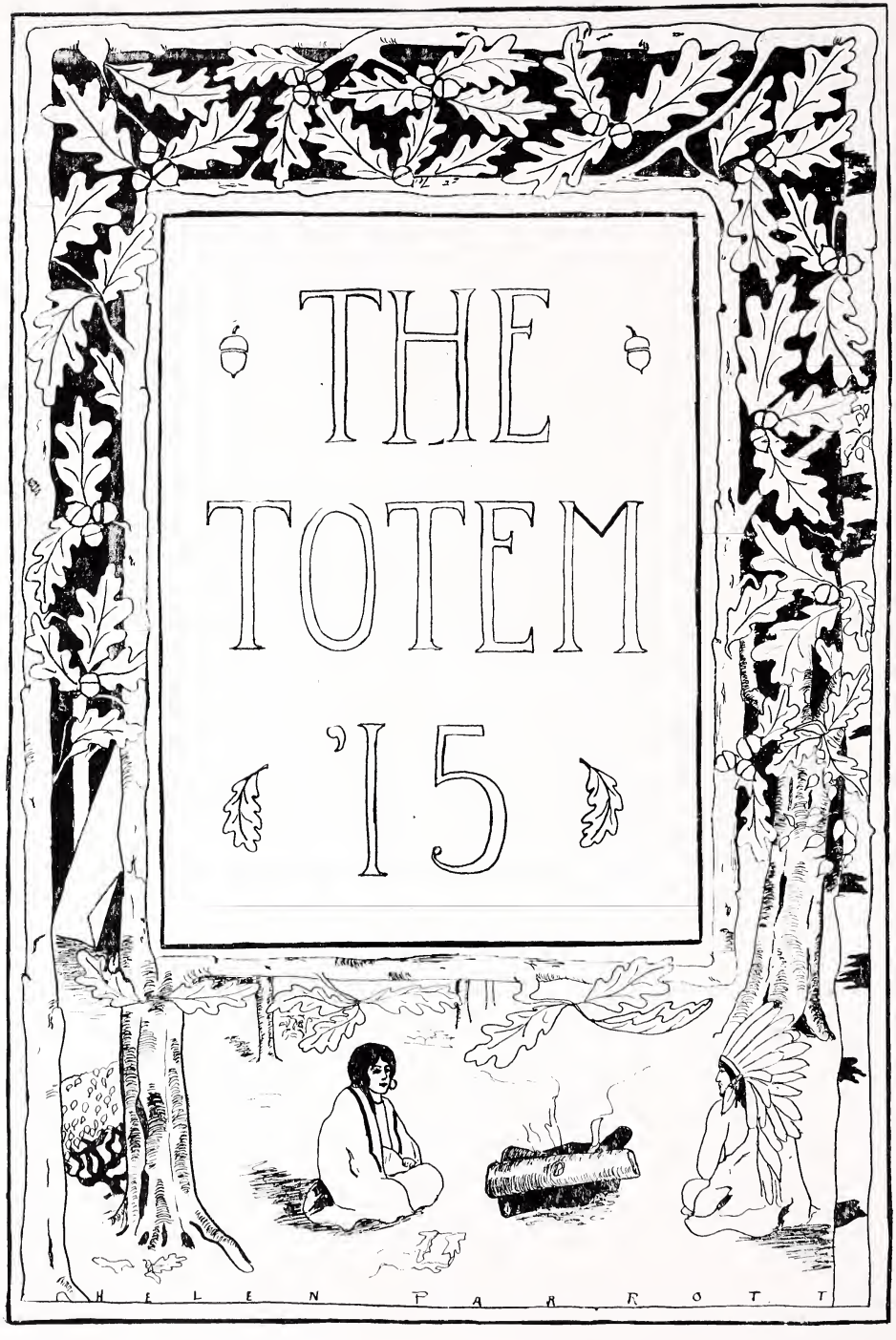
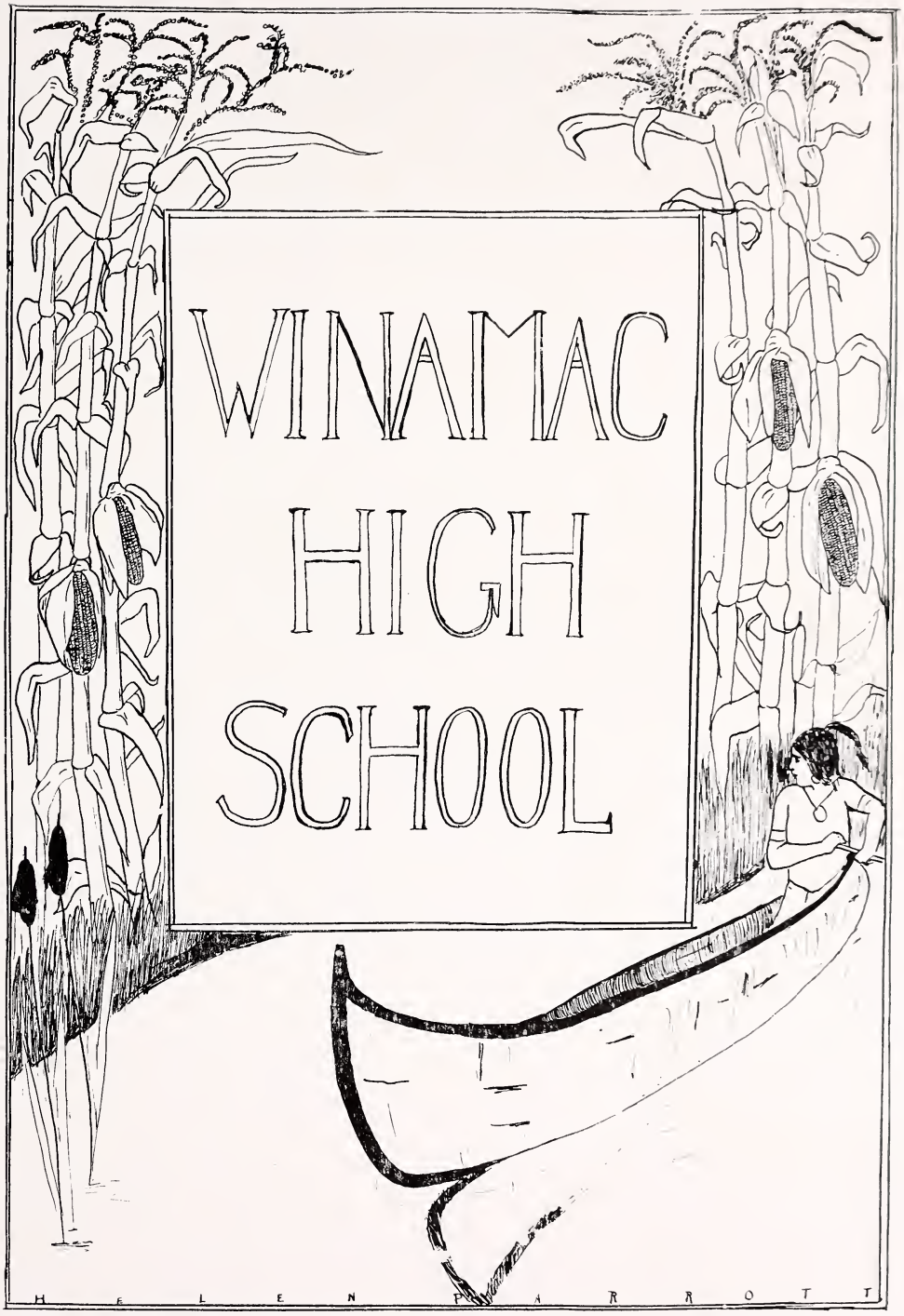

THE
TOTEM
'15
HELEN PARROTT


VINAMAC
HIGH
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H E L E N P A R R O T T

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WE, the Senior Class of 1915, dedicate this, our year book, to Miss Ruth Hendrickson, of the English department, in appreciation of her helpfulness towards us.

Prologue

OUR school days in W. H. S. are over. Those rosy-visioned years, the halcyon days of youth, passing with flying feet, have given us not only the unfaltering faith for the future, but a strand of Memory's jewels, rare and precious to us through all eternity. 'Tis of these things—the work, the play, that school life between the lines, the portion of strengthening responsibility, in a word, all that spells High School that we have tried to make this book a record. When the years have come and gone and Age with its silent step has overtaken us, a glimpse of the yellowed pages of a 1915 TOTEM, like the lure of a beckoning hand, will call us back to old days, old scenes. We may dream again upon the bridge, beside "the well," recall that old high school "case," or see again as if it were yesterday the face of a departed friend or that of a youth who, now a man, travels in the halls of fame. So we trust that you will accept this, our book, not only as a chronicle of the large-lettered Present, but as a link between the happy Now and the radiant, untried To Be.

TOP ROW—Otho Riffle, Cletus Reidelbach, Agnes Miller, Harold Dennis, Lawrence Riemenschneider.
BOTTOM ROW—Miss Ruth Hendrickson, Helen Parrott, Helen Hagenbush, Lucy Zellers.

Totem Staff

Editor-in-Chief.....Helen Hagenbush
Literary Assistants.....Lucy Zellers, Helen Parrott
Social Editor.....Agnes Miller
Art Editor.....Helen Parrott
Assistant Art Editor and Calendar Editor.....Otho Riffle
Athletic Editor.....Harold Dennis
Business Manager.....Lawrence Riemenschneider
Assistant Business Manager and Joke Editor.....Cletus Reidelbach
Faculty Representative.....Miss Ruth Hendrickson

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Superintendent

Indiana State Normal
Indiana University
History

H. C. MILHOLLAND
Principal

Indiana State Normal '10
A.B. '14, Indiana University
Mathematics and Science

FLORA FRAZIER

Indiana University
A.B. '12 DePauw University
German and Latin

RUTH HENDRICKSON

Western College 1907-08
A.B. '11, Butler College
English

F. C. CAPOUCH

Indiana State Normal
Purdue
Manual Training and Agriculture

LELA M. RAHM

Thomas Normal Training School '12
Music and Art

DIPLOMA
O.R.'15

The Senior's Last Day

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn:
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Coming to school this morning, I was quite unconsciously humming little stray bits of song under my breath. Everything seemed filled to overflowing with the sheer joyfulness of Springtime. The song-birds were swelling their carols to the very heavens. The maple trees, just opening their myriad of frail new leaves, seemed lovelier than ever before, as they spread their cool shade like a canopy. Along the familiar street, troops of care-free children were chattering noisily as they went on their way, 'round the corner and on to the red school-house. And then there came groups of bright-eyed lads and lassies, laughing yesterdays away. Moved by the sentiment of the day, I followed them, down the hill to the old well, and along the verdant sward where the sparkling water overflowing, has divided the grass with innumerable hurrying rivulets. Here modest violets interlaced their slender stems with the grass-blades.

Along the well-sodded playground, still moist with morning dew, where the giant oaks cast their shade, and by the cool, clear river, we wandered, unconscious of fleeting moments until the oft-heard bell summoned the stragglers up the steep hill and into the brick school-house to studies.

* * * * * *

Day, with her brightness and teeming interests, has passed. Evening is beginning to veil the familiar scenes in purple dusk. Seeking the spirit of exhilaration that sent me singing through the long day, I have retraced my steps of the morning. Now, the old well seems quieter, the infant brooks less joyous and thoughtful silence prevails. The beautiful spirit of youth and morning no longer thrills one, but in its place has come a more meditative mood. Thinking of all that the years in this dear old school have given me—memories richer than pearls—I cannot but feel that I am losing much. On the hill the old red school building stands sombre against the evening sky. As to a friend, I turn to it, for it seems to feel my loss and understand. For tomorrow, we will no longer join the happy throng of school children as part of it. O, you whom fortune and the gods now smile on, live and learn to the fullest 'midst the privileges and pleasures which our Alma Mater offers!

HELEN PARROTT

"Having such joy in her Foster, she finds the pleasure of heaven here on earth."

An artistic maiden full of originality. "Polly" is small, but mighty, especially in her achievements along art and literary lines. She is a funmaker and always in for a good time.

LAWRENCE RIEMENSCHNEIDER

"I witch sweet ladies with my words and looks."

"Tory" is our business man and general "fusser." Despite his busy career, he always finds time for the girls. Energetic and eager in all that he undertakes, be it social activities or his duties as TOTEM business manager, we hope to see him in the near future as manager of a big department store.

HELEN HAGENBUSH

"A light heart liveth long"—

But "Bush" also likes the melancholy. She is one of the few who combine the humorous and the intellectual, and although she is fond of the gayer side of school life, she is always "there" with grades.

EMMA ROSS

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

"Emmy" is a general favorite. She is an enthusiastic lover of "Gym" and admirer of "Tory." Possessing a mind of domesticity, she desires to be a teacher of domestic science, but, most likely, she will have practical use for such training.

LUCY ZELLERS

"The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self reliance."

When you want anything done well you can depend on Lucy to do it. She has always been true blue to class 1915 and her country home has been the scene of many good times. She expects to be a milliner and we know Success will smile upon her efforts.

INA NITZSCHKE

"Laugh and the world laughs with you"—

So we have laughed our way through school with this dark-eyed maiden. "Juanita" is an actress of some note, a loyal follower of the "Lavendar and Ivory" and a charming hostess as we all know.

CLETUS REIDELBACH

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

"Bankie" is the essence of perfection, an accomplished note-writer, athlete, and general cutup. If you want to know anything about Civics, just ask this brilliant young man for he is well informed along these lines and expects some day to be a great statesman.

LORAH STANFIELD

"Sometimes I sit and think and sometimes I just sit."

This "peroxide blonde" is an ideal student. She absolutely refuses to whisper, write notes or look at the boys. But that dreamy expression often seen on her face shows her mind to be upon a certain Bryan and his campaign.

EARL LAVENGOOD

"Sure I love the ladies, but don't tell 'em."

"Lavy" has been a prominent Senior. He is always ready to do his part and has been a booster of all our class activities.

NELLIE BOYLE

"From Killarney, begorra."

"Irish" is our colleen, who, from a wee girl, has blossomed into a charming maiden. Her mind has sadly wandered from her books this year to a certain athlete, whose initials are familiar to all. She hopes to be a country school marm—but not always.

AGNES MILLER

"A rose set with little, wilful thorns."

Agnes is our "hit." She is an attractive brunette with a personality especially charming to the opposite sex. She is in for anything, be it note writing or sleigh-riding, but has always managed to "get by" in school, despite her numerous affairs of the heart.

JOHN SEIDEL

"Frequently, within my brain, I gently think a thought."

"Slidell" is a quiet, simple sort of a chap possessing certain qualities of Bismarck, namely, nationality. John is firmly in favor of the fair sex, yet he has always kept his heart well fortified against any danger of intrusion.

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HAROLD DENNIS

"A stern face, but a warm heart."

We are proud of "Heddy" as our star athlete and as efficient class president this year. He has gained the good will of all. Harold is one of those positive individuals who will be sure to succeed because of his ability and determination.

CORA HARTWICK

"My ivy needs no sturdy oak."

A quiet, retiring miss who possesses certain virtues that make her friendship uplifting. Her intentions for the future remain as yet unknown to us, but we know she deserves a long and happy life.

JAMES HOOVER

"I am not in the role of common men."

"Jim" is our mathematician and reaches far above the six foot mark. Girls, parties, and such have never bothered this zealous student, even if he "didn't get that far" oftimes in Caesar and Virgil. He is imbued with a burning desire to play basketball.

MAE STARK

"Her modest look a cottage may adorn."

Giggling is Mae's chief occupation. The remainder of her time is spent over books, especially her Physics text. Judging from the zeal which she has shown in school, we predict a brilliant future for her.

OTHO RIFFLE

"A diligent student not without result."

One who will certainly make for himself a name. Otho is a student of great ability and has certainly put forth strenuous efforts and rendered valuable aid as a member of the TOTEM staff. The world will hear from him some day.

JAMES KEPLAR

"One may smile and smile and be a good fellow"

"Slippery Jim" is the funmaker of the class, and always finds time for a joke on someone. He also possesses other characteristics which make him popular with all his friends, who wish him success, be it in the sawdust ring or residing quietly in the hamlet of Pulaski.

Senior Class History

OUR ship, "The Graduate," is due to land at the harbor of "Commencement" May 21, '15, with eighteen sophisticated Seniors, who boarded our ship in September at the Winamac High School wharf, as the Freshmen of 1911. The present Seniors, with the faculty for officers, made up our crew, though it was changed somewhat every time we sailed from the three successive islands of "Summer Vacation."

Mr. Spaulding was our first captain, with Mr. Kinnick as pilot, and Mr. Walker at the stern. Misses Stratton and Deiderich were matrons on deck, with special attention to mathematics and languages. Miss Beldon was musician and artist. The first part of our voyage seemed the longest and most difficult. Surely, without the ready encouragement of our pilot and officers, we would have early given up all hopes of ever seeing land again. Our time was filled with long study hours and recitations. Our only recreation was when we stopped for an enjoyable evening on some "Party Island." Not unexpectedly several took early ships back home. A few found our "Graduate" going too fast, so they boarded vessels of less speed. Some of us Freshmen were almost blown overboard by the frequent gales of "Examinations," but we soon learned that we must stand firmly against these, for our Captain told us they would come up all through our voyage.

After being properly refreshed by our stop at first "Vacation Island," we were ready to begin the second part of our voyage with good resolutions, having profited by our first year's experiences. Among a changed crew we found Miss Harker our instructor of music and art, and Miss Frazier our delightful helpmate in German. Mr. Legg and Mr. Olmstead were "life savers" and here were two of the jolliest "old sailors" we met on our whole cruise. You can imagine our disappointment and regret when they left us to go fishing in another sea—business with the happy harbor of matrimony. Mr. Olmstead made our dull hours fly with his tight rope walking and jokes on Mr. Legg, but the latter always had one in return. Mr. Legg was caught flirting with the "mermaids," but at sunset he always sang "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

In September, 1913, again we boarded the "Graduate," in good spirits and with promises of a more prosperous time. The gales of "Examinations" were calmer now, although some of us were nearly stranded when we struck the dangerous rocks of "Virgil," though with Miss Hendrickson's good advice we avoided the danger points. Mr.

Rittenhouse was now pilot and a decided favorite among the ladies. Mr. Geiser was our new captain. During the last half of our voyage we saw the faint beacon rays in the distance and as we sped over the anguished sea, we neared the lighthouse of Fame. We curiously entered and, after careful training under Mr. Geiser and Miss Hendrickson, we presented our Junior Play, "The Kingdom of Hearts Content." Then we hung high our lantern of success and departed. Looking back, we were pleased to see our lantern in the tower of Fame casting its long rays far over the deep. Near the end of this third part of the journey, we entered a second lighthouse of Fame; we gave our Junior-Senior Reception. We gave this in the parlors of the Hotel Frain. Surely it was the "best ever," the events of the evening consisting of an elaborate six-course banquet, entertainment, and dancing. We Juniors received many compliments from our guest-friends, the Seniors and Faculty. Thus ended our Junior Career on board the speedy "Graduate."

On September 7th, seventeen anxious Seniors boarded the ship for the last and most enjoyable part of the long voyage. On deck, we soon became acquainted with our new pilot, Mr. Milholland and the matron on deck, Miss Rahm. We have found them to be very loving and valuable companions. We made frequent stops at the different "Party Islands." The best of these was when the present Juniors entertained us royally at their reception. We presented our Senior Class Play May 13, with far greater success than our first one.

Now all is calm and fair; we are on the last week of our cruise and in a few short hours will say goodbye forever to our ship, the "Graduate." There is an air of excitement; teachers and Seniors are exchanging farewells. At the harbor of "Commencement" our parents and friends are waiting to see us together, perhaps for the last time. Each one of us can breathe to himself "It was a successful cruise."

LUCY ZELLERS, '15.

Public Sale

Owing to the fact that the present school year is about to close, Professor Milholland will sell at auction, at the entrance of the Winamac High School, one-half mile east of county infirmary, three blocks east of county jail, and one block south (going north) of artesian well, all the property which he has acquired during this school year, on

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1915.

Three classical dictionaries, unused and as good as new.—Contributed by Senior Class.

One new edition (not sold) of "How to Act As If You Knew Something."—Contributed by Junior Class.

A few copies of "Secrets of Hairdressing and Beauty Secrets."—Contributed by Mary Prechtel.

One good manicure set in good use.—Contributed by James H.

One set of natural hair curlers.—Contributed by Ota W.

One fancy tie clasp (originally a candle holder for a Christmas tree).—Contributed by Paul Wasser.

One empty bottle of peroxide, good for the bleaching of hair.—Contributed by the Kroft Sisters.

A pompadour comb, in good use.—Contributed by Levi F.

Patent for massaging to make the complexion beautiful to a marvelous extent.—Contributed by "Riemy" and "Doc."

One reliable pony (unused?).—Contributed by Cletus R.

The over-supply of heat.—Contributed by Assembly Room.

Chewing gum in good order.—Contributed by Nina Em. A.

The large dressing mirror in girls' cloak room.—Contributed by the girls.

The over-supply of knowledge.— Contributed by the Juniors.

Boots for phenomenal feet.—Contributed by Dick F.

One pretty gold tooth.—Contributed by Fred L.

Light Blue Serge Suit.—Contributed by Addis F.

Good looks.—Contributed by Sophs.

Several pair of gym. shoes (formerly rubbers).—Contributed by "Freshie" girls.

Anything in W. H. S. but "Doc".—Contributed by Helen P.

Several darts from Cupid's arrow.—Contributed by Helen H.

A large fancy hairpin, could be used successfully in hay-making.—Contributed by Blanche R.

Cure for giggles.—Contributed by Ina N.

The Seniors' History exam. papers in neat little gold frames.—Contributed by J. M. Geiser.

Several beautiful cloth bound Physical Geographies.—Contributed by the "Flunkers."

The credits we didn't make.—Contributed by the poor Freshmen.

Junior nuisances—"Hobe" and "Buke".—Contributed by the Faculty.

A Ford, as good as any.—Contributed by James K.

Franchise for popcorn wagon.—Contributed by Earl L.

A stray cat, sort of homelike.—Contributed by the janitor.

Several red wagons.—Contributed by the "Freshies."

Many other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—Nine days over 3c, no interest if cash is paid at day of sale but 8 per cent from date if not or 6 per cent off for cash on day of sale. The Boyle-Ross Sandwich club will conduct the lunch stand. John Seidel and Thomas Jackson auctioneers, beginning at 10 g. m. keen. Stars of the Book-Keeping Class will act as clerks.

S stands for Seniors, so acomplished and smart.
E stands for Emma, she who broke L. R's heart.
N stands for Nellie, she's our Irish Colleen.
I stands for Ina, the jolliest e'er seen.
O stands for Otho, with a talent for Art.
R stands for our "Bach," with affairs of the heart.
S stands for sense, which you can readily guess,
All this Senior class in quantities possess.

Junior Class

TOP ROW—Howard Hodgen, Carl Brucker, Violet Metz, Hobart Dennis, Myrtle Kilander, Gill Gordon, Marcella Hoover, Walter Mitchell, Mabel Galbreath, Charles Smith.
MIDDLE ROW—Lloyd Weldy, Irene Kistler, Will Cox, Ota Weidner, Lillian Cox, Addis Fritz, Alma Shaw, Ross Wills.
BOTTOM ROW—George Wiesjahn, Ruth Freeman, Gladys Kelso, Hilda Corbett, Agnes Bain, Alpha Hoesel.
NOT IN PICTURE—Elmer Long, Cloyde Lavengood.

CLASS ORGANIZATION

President ..... HOWARD HODGEN
Vice-President ..... VIOLET METZ
Secretary-Treasurer ..... GILL GORDON

THE W. H. S. DAILY

FEBRUARY 19, 1915.

Editor-in-Chief.....
.....Hilda Corbett
Chief Assistant.....
.....Lillian Cox
Assistants, "Babe," "Vi," Irene, Ruth, "Ki" "Chub"

One Cent a Copy
Pay in Advance
Strictly Cash

All Personal and Amusing Items.

Play practice at 7:30. Be on time.

Thursday evening of each week girls' evening in the gym. All come.

If you have any old fashioned clothes lend them to the Juniors for their play.

Mr. Geiser tells Juniors that they are studying bloody pages now. Juniors look for blood.

The pictures are hung in the assembly. My! how they gladden our eyes.

Everybody tries mechanism of new ink wells.

Buy your tickets for the play!

Junior Play Feb. 24, and 25. Save your pennies and come.

"Bring yellow tablets." Suppose we are to write our autobiographies.

Mr. Geiser asks Addis a question in Hist. III. Addis—"I don't know." Mr. Geiser—"Funny about that boy!"

"Let's have this talking stopped!"

Juniors. be loyal to your colors. St. Patrick's Day's coming!

Hobart wants a cook-book.

Everybody reading Burns' love affairs. Taking lessons.

Wanted—By Elmer Long, someone to think of him in Dreamland.

Charles Smith must stay in at recess because he failed to prepare his German lesson.

Moral: Be prepared, for you never know—you may be called on next.

Hobart gets his theme in on time today. Said he thought he'd play it was April Fool's Day.

Several of the girls eat pies at recess: Pie-faces!

Jim Kepler tried to hang himself. but the rope broke.

Found—A note. Owner may have it by calling at Mr. Milholland's desk and paying advertising expenses.

Irene Kistler says she didn't whisper in school when she was a child. What a change!

Prose day in Latin III.

Beaten path to book-shelves and waste-basket.

Burns must be a live-forever. the way he hangs on.

Basket Ball Game Tonight. Everybody Come! and Yell ! !

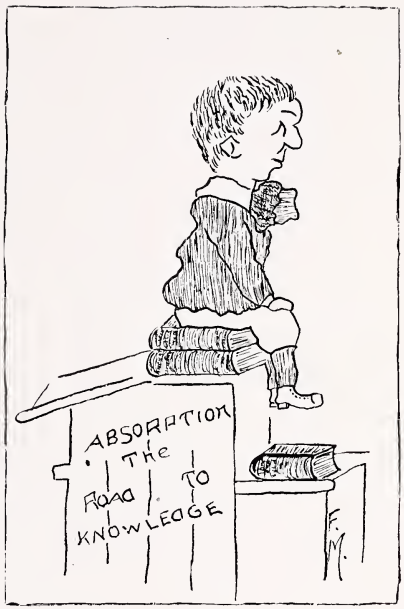
Sophomore Class

TOP ROW—Richard Falvey, Guy Bishop, Fay Miller, Esther Johnson, Fred Reinhart, Levi Fisher.
MIDDLE ROW—Hazel Degner, Mary Prechtel, Orvel Crim, Nina Aery, Blanche Rhode, June Moody.
BOTTOM ROW—Thomas Jackson, Mary Henry, Lucy Agnew, Foster Rearick, Helen Kepler.
NOT IN PICTURE—Ruth Clark, Genevieve Felty, George Dellinger.

CLASS ORGANIZATION

President ..... HAZEL DEGNER
Vice-President ..... MARY HENRY
Secretary-Treasurer ..... LUCY AGNEW

Sophomores



Sophomores! At last we have stepped onto the second round of our high school ladder and are no longer looked down upon with scorn nor called "Freshies." Those were blue days, when we were always left out because we were "too small," and were told to "go home to Mama." But now having survived the attacks of the upper classes, which were worse than appendicitis, we are this year known as the Sophomores. Out of a Freshman Class of twenty-four, sixteen passed through the summer and these, in addition to three from other schools, make the Sophomore Class of 1915.

Here's long life to the Sophomores!

LUCY AGNEW, '17.

Oh, the days are bright and sunny,
Yet I feel anything but funny,
For my thoughts roam on a poem
For The Book.

But I have thought and thought,
And all has come to naught,
So I'll not write tonight
For The Book.

Freshman Class

FIRST ROW—Lisle Brewer, Malcolm Clark, Marue Smith, James Doyle, Lucy Grafton, George Bigler, Rosa Goodpaster, Bennie Bair, Earl Lucas.

SECOND ROW—Clara Kroft, Bessie Keplar, Lillie Kroft, Thelma Basey, Hazel Holmes, John Diggs, Elizabeth Weaver, Myrtle Nolan, Rachel McKinnis.

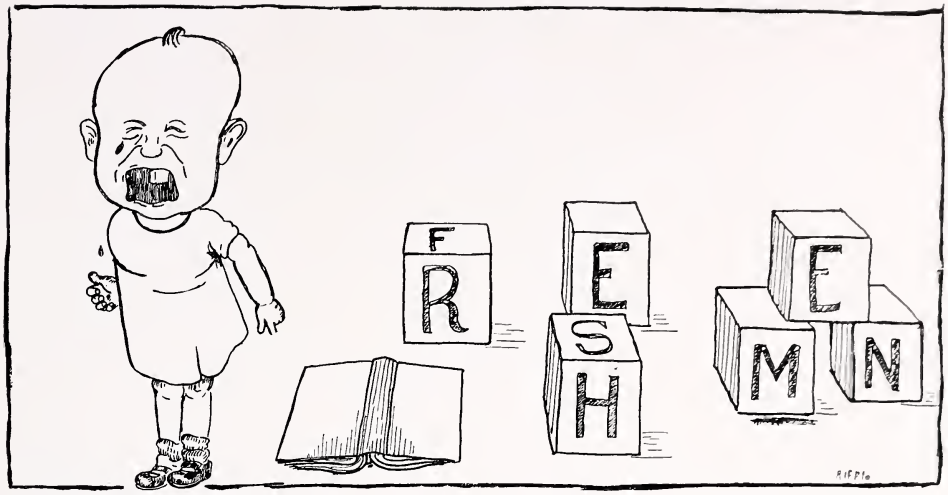
THIRD ROW—Gladys Galbreath, Leona Munchenburg, Ruby Starr, Evaleen Reidelbach, Anna Hepp, Iva Conn, Olive Jenkins, Jessie Wade, Delia Baugh.

FOURTH ROW—Olga Podell, Harry Hoffman, Marie Bond, Cyril Fites, Madesta Metz, Robert Reinhart, William Werner.

NOT IN PICTURE—Paul Wasser, Olive Irven.

CLASS ORGANIZATION

President ..... THELMA BASEY
Vice-President ..... RUBY STARR
Secretary-Treasurer ..... JOHN DIGGS



Our Freshman class
Of Nineteen Eighteen
Is a jolly bunch,
Yet they call us green.

Madesta she Fites,
And Ruby Diggs
While Leona and Jim
Are dancing jigs.

There's Marue and Wasser,
Billy and Evaleen,
Make as cute a quartette,
As ever you've seen.

Now Bobby and "Hoffy"
Are not very tall;
But Bair and Lucas
Make up for them all.

Hazel and Gladys,
Myrtle and Podell
And the two Kroft sisters
Are all doing well.

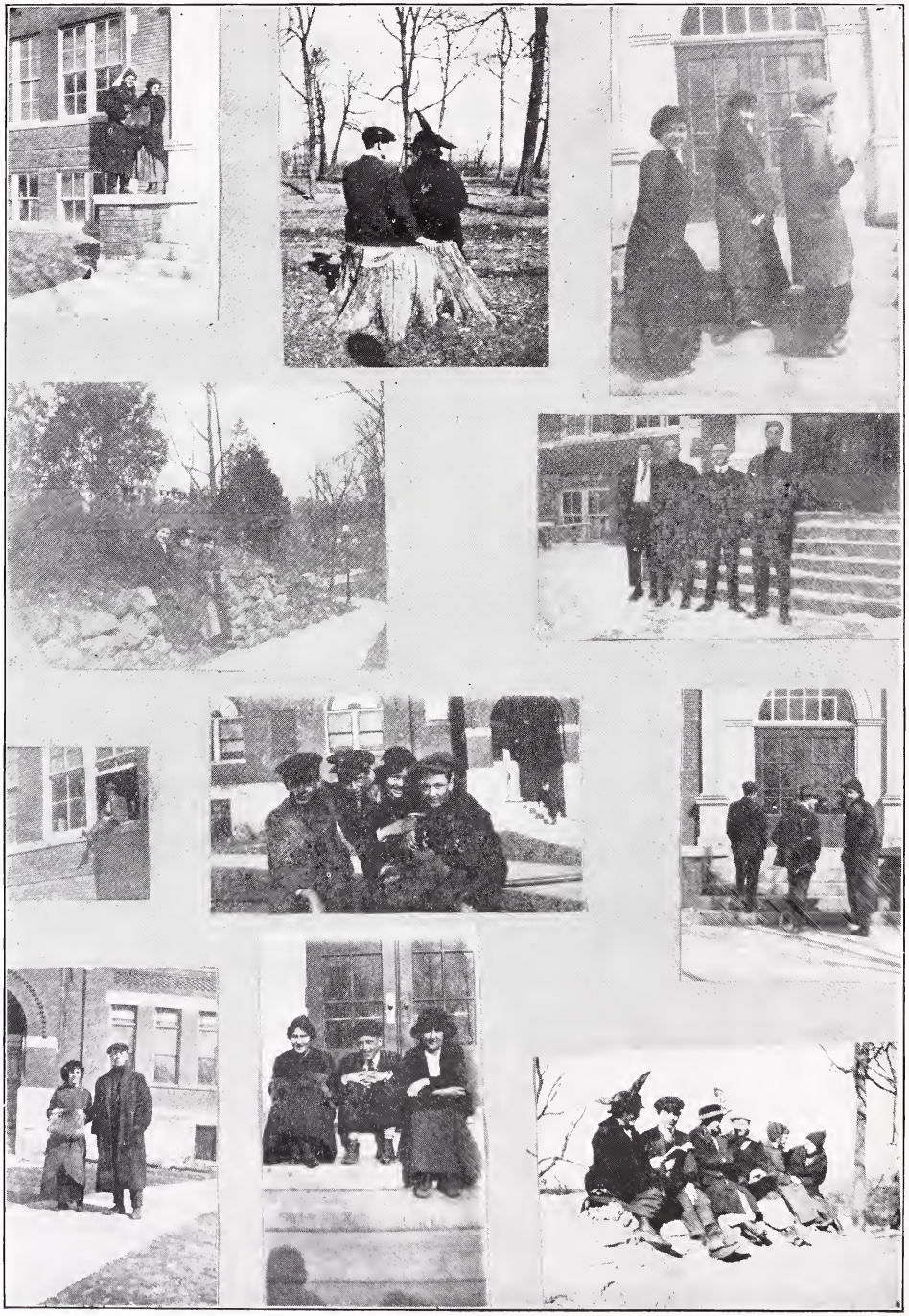
Irven and Grafton,
Jenkins and Conn,
Are always on hand
When a ball game is on.

There's Keplar, McKinnis,
Goodpaster and Wade,
And Lisle the Brewer,
Of the girls he's afraid.

Baugh, Clark and Bigler,
And Basey so neat
With Anna and Lizzie
Make thirty-six complete.

Our class is a dandy;
The faculty is grand—
And they are the leaders,
Of our glorious band.

MARIE BOND, '18.



LITERARY

The Bachelor's Baby

FIRST, I will state that I am a bachelor; then, for fear that that will not fully enlighten you, that I am a full-size specimen, sufficiently bad-looking, and thirty-seven years old. Incidentally, I have an over-dose of relatives, who, for the last ten years, in spite of all opposition on my part, have united in the commendable endeavor to guide my erring footsteps aright. According to them, the faults which they so fondly seek to correct are plenteous. For I have insisted on living alone with only Houser for cook, valet and housemaid; no women mussing around putting things where you can't find them, or detailing all the incidents of so-and-so's funeral or wedding (it's all the same), besides now and then a nerve-racking visit from one of my sisters, of mercy in their minds, of torture in mine. It is always with a great sigh of relief clear from my boot-heels that I wish them God-speed on their homeward journey. Another one of my vices is my failure to see the necessity of electric lights that are forever going out when you especially need them; of a telephone with its eternal jingle and rattle of "wrong number" and "can't get 'em;" of a gasoline tank with a French-chauffeur attachment that always strands you about ten miles short of any sign of civilization; of going to bed at night when you're not sleepy and getting up in the morning when you are. Finally, my greatest horrors are French novels, poodle dogs and most *particularly*, crying babies. I would run more quickly from a crying baby than Uncle Sam's crack regiment of sharp-shooters. So there, as near as I can give it, you have a description of myself. In my sister Kate's convincing words, I am summed up as an "obstinate mule," while her husband does me the honor to change mule to something else that rhymes with it, but has its first letter considerably nearer the beginning of the alphabet.

Now, at first, you know, they were not at all bothersome, but after Uncle ascended the golden ladder and left his rather extensive worldly possessions in my pockets, I suddenly discovered that there never was a man more tenderly beloved of his relatives than I. No one ever had the bunch of perfectly beautiful, adorable, darling nephews and nieces with their hundred and one cute tricks to hear about that I did. I am afraid that this sudden, loyal devotion, acting perversely on my usual sweet nature, soured it. At times, I have been desperate enough to commit anything from suicide to matrimony. I have prayed Fate to grant me a sliver of a chance to free myself from this absorbing interest

and love. At last, my sliver arrived, but in a decidedly unexpected form.

It was about ten o'clock one night. Outside, the weather was beastly. There was a driving rain accompanied by a raw wind. But within the fire was blazing brightly, making things quite cheerful. I was wholly engrossed in a problem presented in a late number of a scientific journal, when suddenly, just as I thought I had the solution, the old knocker on the front door clanged twice. Thoroughly disgusted, I slammed the magazine in the rack and went to the door, for Houser had long since retired.

For a moment, as I stood at the open door, I could discern nothing, then a movement at my feet caused me to look down. What seemed to be a good-sized dark bundle was lying there and rolling around a little. I guessed immediately that it must be the pair of pups Randall had promised to bring me that evening but had failed to bring. I had been surprised when he didn't come, for he was always a shining example of punctuality. But he is a queer chap. Houser always taps significantly on his forehead when he mentions him. So, without thinking it so very unusual, I picked up the bundle, carried it in, dumped it on the floor and began unrolling it.

The outer wrapping was something dark and thick. Examining it more closely, I found it to be a woman's shawl. Queer thing for a grass widower to be wrapping pups in! But then he had warned me that the pups were very young yet and perhaps he thought they might take cold and that was all he could find for wrappings. So meditating, I removed about a dozen pins and then, catching hold of one corner, gave a yank. Instead of the expected pups rolling out, another bundle appeared—wrapped in a baby blanket! I knew sure it was a baby blanket, because it was like the one that was around my sister Clara's twins that time she made me hold them, while she went into a store to get some fool thing or other. The horrors of that experience, brought back by the sight, swept over me in a wave of misgiving chills. Both the brats had squalled every minute she was gone and it seemed to me that every man I knew had walked past and gone on, grinning. In a cold sweat of desperation, I tugged at the blanket and finally the thing came off.

I know now how Mr. Poe felt at the ghostly visit of his raven. I sat back on my heels and, with open mouth, weakly stared at the contents of the bundle. It was a baby. A *baby!* Here in my den, before my fire! Ye gods! Had the world turned upside down, I could not have been more confused. Everything faded from my sight, except that pair of big blue eyes that gave me quite as amazed stare as that with which I regarded them. There we were—two of the most astonished mortals that Providence ever brought face to face.

But evidently what the baby saw was not very pleasing for pretty

soon the corners of the mouth began to droop. I knew what that meant for that was what babies always did when they caught sight of me. Once, when I complained of this to Houser, he remarked *very* impersonally that most babies had a wonderful taste for beauty. But now I looked about frantically for something to ward it off. Nothing was in sight. In despair I burst out,

"O look here, now, you mustn't do that! Please don't! It isn't fair when I don't know how to stop you! Confound the luck, anyhow!"

Evidently that was not the way to go about it for the mercury was still rapidly falling. I snatched up one of my cherished Egyptian vases and commenced rolling it across the floor. Temperature somewhat milder. In triumph, I got the other one, for it's one of my theories that if one's good, two's better. I sent them across one after another. About the third throw—kersmash!—and both lay in smithereens. Then the storm broke.

Ignominiously I fled. Up those stairs I went three steps at a time. Houser must have thought the Judgment Day had come from the way I hauled him out of bed and tried to push him into his clothes. I never saw a fellow more stupid. It did seem as if it took him a century to get it through his skull that I wanted him to hurry. He was too well-trained a servant to show surprise at anything I did, but even the best of servants cannot help showing their thoughts sometimes. He certainly looked as if he thought me a mad-man. Finally I got him down stairs to the scene of that infernal uproar.

"Now tell me," I bellowed, "what shall I do with it?"

And the fool did nothing but stand and stare.

"*Houser!*"

That yell was enough to arouse the dead and it had its effect for he slowly awakened.

"Yes, sir!"

"Why don't you answer me? I asked you what I should do with it," I fumed.

Now Houser really ought to have known for he was married once. He stroked his chin thoughtfully for a few moments, then replied,

"I think, sir, perhaps you'd better pick it up."

Pick it up! Pick up that screaming, squirming bunch of humanity? I quailed at the thought. But there was no escape. Anything to stop that howling! What under the sun was the proper way to take hold of it? I groaned, set my teeth, made a dash and somehow got it up off of the floor. What next? I paced back and forth with it, as I'd seen Kate do with hers. The music grew softer and finally the orchestra ceased playing altogether. For the first time in my experience a baby had hushed crying while I was within hearing distance. It was something

new and not altogether unpleasant. Gingerly I sat down on the edge of a chair to get a closer view of my burden. It must have been about a year old as far as I could judge. It was dressed in some sort of clean white stuff just like they all wear. Just then I realized rather forcibly that I hadn't even had sense enough to look for the presenter of this rare gift, although, Goodness knows, I hadn't had time even to *think* since its arrival. I dared not put it down for fear the music box would open again, so, mentally kicking myself, I sent Houser out to look. While he was gone, the baby sat on my knee and passed the time gazing at my face. Obviously, it found me very amusing, for, finally, with a very uncomplimentary chuckle it curled up and went to sleep.

Some way, we managed to put it to bed in my room, of course, as that was the only one that had a fire in it. I came back to my den exhausted and, throwing myself on a couch, was soon fast asleep. Houser woke me about six the next morning, something I do not usually allow him to do. But just then I agreed with him that it would be better to get up and be prepared.

The baby still slept on. I was holding my breath every moment expecting a yell. Seven o'clock came. Then eight. Anxiously I paced the floor. Then an auto horn was heard outside and I rushed to the window to be greeted by cries of,

"Hello, Uncle Dick!"

Clara and the twins had arrived for the day. I sank back in a chair, too weak to move. An instant later and they were in the room.

"How do you do, Dick?" I dimly heard Clara speaking. "I'm so glad to see you again, you dear old fellow. Richard and Anna, come here and give Uncle Dick a nice kiss and tell him how glad you were to come."

Now I hate to be called a fellow and I despise being slobbered over with sticky candy kisses. I think Clara has to bribe them with candy every time she brings them. My nephew's name is Richard Gerald and he is always called Gerald, except when I'm around. I felt mutiny rising in leaps from the depths of my soul. What right had they to come without an invitation, when I was already head over heels in worry? Just then the signal call sounded from my bedroom. Some way, I don't know how, I got out of that room into the other. It seemed a haven of peace after the one I had just left. The musical storm passed over as soon as I had the baby out of bed. I must not have looked so terrible by daylight for she actually smiled at me, pulled my nose and attempted to black my eye. I consider that a much better way of saying good-morning than a sticky candy kiss. I couldn't find the dress so I ripped some holes in a pillow-case and shoved it on. It worked just fine. Then, with the youngster tucked under my arm, I stepped out into the arena.

"Richard!"

Ah, there never was a word so withering.

"Kate!" I retorted courageously.

"Richard Lannen, what are you doing with a child here?" she demanded.

"Well, my dear, I was just going to give it some breakfast when you interrupted me," and I reatreated after Houser, but he was already at the door with a tray-full.

For the next fifteen minutes I was on a lively jump, trying to fill the baby's mouth fast enough to keep it from helping. Kate sat back and eyed me scornfully. When the breakfast was no longer interesting, I put the baby on the floor and gave it the latest paper to tear up. The twins sprang forward to assist, but at a sharp command from their mother went back and sat down. Then I faced the judgment seat and related the events of the previous night. When I had finished, she unbent a trifle.

"Oh, I see, you poor fellow, it was all you could do under the circumstances. Of course, you will send it to an institution. You poor little tootsie-wootsie, you!" She started towards the baby while I was having swift visions of an orphan institution I had seen when I was a youngster. Condemn a baby to that?

"No!" I exploded, "I won't!"

Freezing temperature again.

"Then what will you do with it?"

"I don't know, my dear, but, if you will give me a moment, I will try to think."

A moment! I don't believe she could keep still a quarter of a moment.

"You know, dear boy, it doesn't pay to keep such children. But I know you might be tempted just for the pleasure of a child's company. (Pleasure! I groaned inwardly.) But you know, if you ever really get lonesome, either Richard or Anna may come and stay with you a while."

A fleeting picture of the bliss life would be in company with a Richard or an Anna passed before my mind. But I gasped at the thing her words suggested. I had not thought of it until she mentioned it, but now I saw the situation clearly. If I should keep that baby and let myself be terrified by occasional orchestral pieces and comforted by pulled noses and blacked eyes and discommoded by the presence of a nurse-girl whom I could possibly bribe to tend to nothing besides the baby and worried by the jingle of a telephone which we would have to have in order to call the doctor if it got sick; if I could do that, I would be forever free from the eternal bugbear of relatives! For what relative would expect anything for their youngster in my will if I had one of my own? Burdened with one baby and free from fifty! Free! No more of those agonizing visits! I drew a long breath

at the thought. Free! What could the terrors of a baby in the house be to such joy as that? There was Clara speaking again, waking me from my blissful dream.

"Well, haven't you decided yet, Dick? I'm sure you've had time enough. What shall you do with it?"

Straight towards the ceiling I leaped.

"*I'll adopt it!*"

AGNES BAIN, '16.

Gardenia

DOWN with the tyrants—to the guillotine with the nobles! *Voila!* Catch him!"

Snarling hisses and threatening screams rose through the chill March air. The incensed mob started, rushed along, and stopped—a typical mob of excited Frenchmen impelled by the mad desire for equality, swayed wholly by the thirst for murder and revenge.

On-coming darkness promised concealment to the handsome young nobleman who now slunk pantingly behind a huge lamp-post. From his hiding place he ventured to look back of him. He had outrun his pursuers and the shop-lined street was empty. Down the next street, the noises of the mob could be heard. Evidently they had mistaken the young man's course at the street corner, and were rushing about frantically. The stone pavement sent back the spasmodic tap-tap of a hundred heavy shoes. Vehement French curses re-echoed down the narrow road-way.

"O, Monsieur! and these wolves hunt you down, too!" Turning his head so that he could see the speaker, without changing his position, the young man was surprised to behold a small girl-figure crouched in the shadow of a shop entrance.

"Ah, yes, Madamoiselle, they seem to have a burning desire for my poor scalp. But you, are you also an object of the hunt? Surely, they do not mean harm to you."

"Aye, they would take any life that might be tinged with royality. To think that the noble-born should be hunted down like dogs—by the herd! Yes, they seek even my useless small head. Listen! They seem to have discovered their mistake in your course and are coming back. Quick, Monsieur, let us run, for like blood-thirsty dogs they are hot on the trail!"

She had come from her hiding place and was now ready to fly to

some haven of safety with her new acquaintance. She seemed to have forgotten his strangeness, so concerned was she in their danger.

"Hasten—down this by-street. It is good not to be alone when fear overtakes you."

Nearer and nearer rushed the mob, cursing their ill-luck, stumbling in their excitement. The two of noble birth ran stealthily down the dark street. For a time, it seemed they had lost their pursuers and were free from danger of capture. But, then, around a corner came another part of the crowd, meeting them almost face to face. At once a plan formulated in the girl's mind. Standing quite still in the darkness she spoke softly to her companion.

"Quick, take off your coat and hat—crumple them under your arm as though you had snatched them up hurriedly. They are your badge of nobility—do not let them see them. Leave everything to me. These men know me, but they will not recognize you. Now, follow my plans! They see us through the darkness."

The frenzied mob approached the two, and as they beheld their victims, sent up a wild scream. The girl drew herself up to her whole height and seemed to gaze down on the masses with the cold dignity of a queen. As if checked by a century-grown custom, the men hesitated for an instant and, with eyes fixed on the ground, stood silent. Then the girl addressed the gaping throng.

"You know me, countrymen. I almost scorn to call you such, for surely such murderers are not true Frenchmen!" Here she clenched her fists tight, and tilted her pointed little chin towards the sky. "You *will* first hear what I have to say. My noble father, Count De Menard, while he lived, was always your friend and advisor. And now you seek the life of the last member of his family! This is your reward—Bah! But, remember! there is another reward after this life."

The mob of ignorant shop-keepers shuffled about uneasily, eager to be through with this talk. Yet something in the girl's manner caused them to hold off their hands for a minute. The young man's presence was eclipsed for the moment by the girl's. But she knew it was only for a minute. Soon the wild spirit of revolution would be again upon them. And then, turning, she pointed her slender finger accusingly at her companion.

"You, sir—you shop-keeper, new to our city, who would sway the town with your plebian ideas—you coward, would take even the life of an innocent girl! You would fill the very streets with royal heads. It is you who leads in these murders!"

The babbling crowd turned from the young man, sheepish to think they had mistaken this young champion of the commons for a despised nobleman, and each decided to hide his ignorance. The fickleness of the mob!

Then the old lust for revenge seized the people. They moved towards the girl and would have carried her off to meet her doom, but a harsh cry arose in the next street.

"The Queen, Marie—the wicked despot—stop the carriage!" And the tinder-brained rabble, believing Marie Antoinette to be riding in a passing carriage, forgot their other victims, and, like stampeding cattle, poured down the narrow street.

Left alone, the Count's daughter and her companion seized the opportunity for escape and began running down the street. Finally, at the end of the road, they stopped and began to look for further concealment.

"I know the very place—I will secure a room for you in a secluded building which I know stands not far from here. There you can hide for a time. I shall assume the character which you so cleverly wrought for me, so that I may be able to come and go as I like. I can see that you do not starve and may thus be able to repay you, in a small part, for your protection. After my years abroad, I shall scarcely be recognized here."

And so it was that the girl spent her days alone in the room and the young man went about the town as a newly arrived shop-keeper. But, after a few days, he saw that, in order to deceive the common people further, he must enter into their plans. And they, partly to prove his sincerity and partly because they really believed him to be a radical revolutionist, assigned him a duty. Nor could any have been much more horrible or grating to the young nobleman's sensitive nature. For, at certain times, from three o'clock in the morning until five, his task was to count the heads of the guillotined, as they rolled from their coarse brown sacks in which they were concealed. At first, he had revolted and would have given up—the sight was so sickening, horrifying. But the urgent appeals to his courage from the girl and his sense of duty and obligation to her, kept him nerved to the task. If their plan should be discovered he would surely be killed, and then she would die, either by starvation or by the guillotine.

Two weeks had passed. Every evening the Frenchman had gone to take food to Gardenia—he called her Gardenia now, for she had worn a huge white flower of that name, in her yellow hair, on the night of their escape. Ever since, when he would place her food outside her door, he would also place there a white gardenia, which he liked to picture to himself, as it rested in her hair, although he scarcely saw her.

One evening he found her door standing ajar, and no trace of her anywhere. He wondered at this, but did not enter the room, nor call her. He told himself that she was there, but he had not happened to see nor hear her. And yet he could not dismiss disquieting thoughts from his mind. All night the question haunted him.

It was still dark when he went to resume his ghastly duty. A dank mist clung in the air and sent a chill through the body. The low, brick building used by the revolutionists, as a sort of morgue where they might number their murders by the head, was very dark and quiet. The heavy, iron-bound doors creaked as the young man passed through them. Inside, he lighted a dirty candle and, when it flickered feebly in the stifling atmosphere, set it on a low table that stood near a small-paned window.

The first light of another dismal March day was casting a sickly blue hue on the outside world, when the clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavement and the rattle of a cart was heard approaching. The next minute, two large, coarse men were roughly jostling into the room a huge brown bag filled with noble heads.

"They're thicker'n flys, these smart aristocrats. Another bagful less for the country," one of the men was saying. They deposited their burden in front of the young man, grunted gruffly, and giving the bag a final kick, went in search of other victims.

The clatter of the cart died away in the distance. The young nobleman aroused himself to his duty and began to roll out the heads, with their bulging eyes and gory throats, out into the blood-stained trough.

One—two—three—a dozen, he counted by the dull thuds as they hit the wooden trough. The next rolled out of the sack's grim mouth, and took another direction, as if dignity had lasted longer than life and, even in death, it held itself above the masses. The candle had almost burned out and the sole light came from the dirty window. In the dim blue light, something in the glint of the long yellow hair made the man stop counting. He tugged at his collar and gasped for breath—the air was stifling with death and all dead things. Fearfully, he reached over and rolled the small head over. He removed a lock of the blood-clotted hair from the face, so pale in death, and a crumpled white gardenia fell at his feet. Like the flower, he fell in a crumpled heap on the hard dirt floor, holding close the flower and a lock of the long, yellow hair as he moaned,

"Gardenie, mon Dieu, ma Gardenie."

Helen Parrott, '15.

The Garden of Life

Life is a wonderful garden
  Where flowers of all kinds grow,
And each one must gather blossoms
  As he passes down his row.

Slowly or quickly he gathers;
  Without a tho't, or with care;
Foreboding he plucks, with weeping,
  Or with song that fills the air.

His choice he can never alter,
  Those that he has he must keep;
For though the blossoms may wither,
  Their shadows are branded deep.

Fame, a glorious Sunflower,
  Dazzles from some lonesome height;
White Poppies are beck'ning onward
  To sleep, and eternal night.

The fragrant breath of the Roses
  Pleads love in a message sweet;
Love, that is Giving, and Service,
  Nor Gladness, nor Joy complete.

And scattered along the pathway
  From the first unto the end,
Are true thoughts, the gentle Pansies;
  Each one is a faithful friend.

And oh, there are many others,
  And pitiless thorns on some,
Which pierce deep the hand that gathers,
  So yearningly, one by one.

Until, at last, in the gloaming,
  Soft in the still, western sky,
The Lilies of Peace are shining,
  And murm'ring, "Thy rest is nigh."

AGNES BAIN, '16.

Fables

By Lem N. Ade (with apologies to George)

I.

BEING THE STORY OF THE GUY WITH THE SWELLED HEAD.

ONE time there was a Guy attending high school, and is yet, for that matter, but this is before his Rejuvenation. He thought he was Some Pumpkin. The Sun only shone where He was and his Popularity was Indeclinable. He was a Bright Student, no One denied that, and was a Leader in Class Affairs, but the trouble was he knew it. Fortune also smiled sweetly upon him in the Form of a Girl, Who also seemed to share his Opinions concerning Himself. Their Voices were as One.

But the World, in the Form of his Associates, aroused Itself to the Fact that their Idea of his being Some Guy had Deteriorated, that He was not even a Flash in the Pan. Some called him a Joke, others a Counterfeit. But the Fact is he was Neither. He was like the Frog which tried to enlarge Itself to the Size of the Ox. In other Words, He was allright, till he began to think that he was More than he really was.

One Dark, Gloomy Morning He awoke to the Fact that not all Clouds have Silver Linings, not even for Him. He found that his class Grades were not what he thought them to be, not what they had been. His Friends, he found, shared his Opinions no longer. Even The Girl lost some Interest in Him. He wondered Why.

Finally He saw through the Dark Cloud, saw the Bright, Clear Sky. But in the Same Vision He saw His Past, That is the Bluff Side of It. He now understood.

Moral: *Never go out in a leaky boat.*

HAROLD DENNIS.

II.

THE STORY OF THE GIRL WHO CHEWED GUM.

ONCE a Girl who Chewed Gum happened under my Range of Observation, which of course is Limited. All the Students who sat around her in School were kept continuously on Nettles and off their Studies, by the Continuous Champ, Champ of the Girl. It affected Some of them so much that Formerly Excellent Class Grades dwindled into Mediocrity. Even the Manufacturer of this Noise, the Gum Chewer,

became nervous, as They All are, continually flitting from One Thing to Another, never Being Still, Always on the Jump.

She was the Kind who have those beautiful Red Cheeks as red as an August Sunset, Natural or Otherwise, but mostly Otherwise. She always was the first One out of the School Room and Beating to the P. O. where She would get a Letter, from Some Beloved, which came about every 2 Mo., after She had written 9 or 7 letters in the Meantime.

She was always the last at her Desk in the School Room because She must Stop at the Soda Fountain and Stall around awhile, for you know some Gink with nothing to do but to Shoot the Old Man's Kale, one of the Brand that just Floats Here and There, may happen in. I say *Float* because they haven't Sense Enough to do Anything Else. For you see they haven't any Brains, not even Head, only a Wart on their Shoulders to keep their Backbones from Unraveling.

One Day a Guy happened into the Ice Cream Joint where She hung out, and started out with that "would you have," etc., Stuff. Of course she Would. But He was a Different Species of those Fly-Counter Inhabitants, and She Found that Out, much to her own Advantage. He didn't wear Rainbow Ties and Socks, nor Ice Cream Trousers and Shoes, but He Knew how to Read the Riot Act to Her, and He did so.

Those Beautiful Carmine Cheeks have disappeared and so has The Gum. Also She spends more time in School and less on the Streets, but you know the Rest and the Reason Why.

Moral: *Where There is Smoke, there is always Fire and It can be Extinguished.*

HAROLD DENNIS.

Modernized Shakespeare

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

To try or not to try: that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for a weary Senior,
With Civics unprepared, and exams pending,
To stand a mere spectator in this affair,
Or use some knack of scheming: To scheme; to try;
No more; And by this trial to say we end
That restlessness, that nervous trepidation
Displayed 'fore Civics quizes—'twere a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To try, to scheme;
To scheme. Perhaps detected: ay, there's the rub;
For from that ill success what scorn may rise
Ere we have written half the guessed at phrases,
Must give us pause: For this same reason
In class we sit in dull hesitation,
When we ourselves might *his* esteem win
By a mere recitation. Who would volumes write
To fret and stew with determination,
But that the dread of some unlucky failure—
Some unperceived mistake—puzzles the mind
And makes us rather leave those blunders
Than change to others, which are no better.
Thus guessing does make weaklings of us all;
And thus the original tie of confidence
Is covered o'er with the pale cast of doubt,
And dreary exams, causing great consideration,
In this respect their questions lead astray,
And lose for us our credits.

LORAH STANFIELD, '15

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Freshmen: Upperclassmen, many a time and oft
In the Assembly have you rated us
About our colors and our usances:
Still have we borne it with a patient shrug,
For suffrance is the motto of our class.
You call us green Freshies, infant Freshies,
And look down upon our beloved flag,
And all for love of that which is our own.
Well then, it now appears you need our talent:
Go to, then; you come to us, and you say
"Freshmen, we would have poems;" you say so;
You, that laugh at and spit upon our flag,
And tantalize us from your seats
In the Assembly: poems is your suit.
What should we say to you? Should we not say
"Hath a Freshman talent? is it possible
A Freshman can write poems for the Totem?" Or
Shall we bend low and in a bondman's key,
Say this;
"Upperclassmen, you spit on us on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd us such a day; another time
You called us green, and for these courtesies
We'll write you thus much poems."

MARUE SMITH, '18

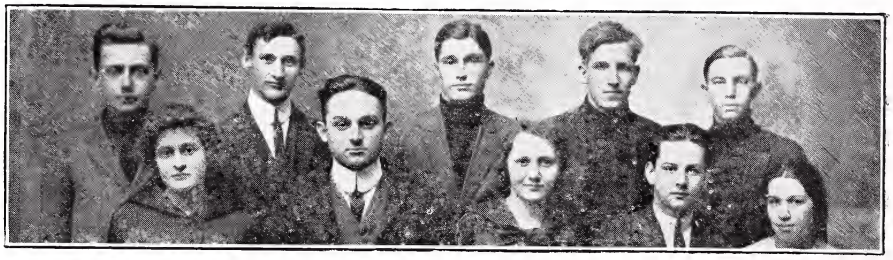
Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
At the head of the class the stars are still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some exam must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

"Pride of Virginia"

Junior Play, Feb. 24 and 25

Upper Row—Carl Brucker, Walter Mitchell, Howard Hodgen, Charles Smith, Gill Gordon.

Lower Row—Violet Metz, Addis Fritz, Marcella Hoover, Ross Wills, Lillian Cox.



Capt. Robert Farley, U.S.A., a Virginian who is loyal to the "Old Flag"..... Howard Hodgen

Luke Ransone, a rebel spy in the Federal Camp ..... Gill Gordon

General Haverhill, U.S.A..... Addis Fritz

Michley, a "poor white"..... Walter Mitchell

Ezekiel Grubbins, from "way down in Maine" ..... Charles Smith

Arthur Trevallen, a "young hopeful"..... Carl Brucker

Old Uncle Joe, an imaginative "coon"..... Ross Wills

Virginia Graham, a daughter of "Old Dominion" ..... Violet Metz

Mrs. Trevallen, a marriageable widow later Mrs. Grubbins..... Marcella Hoover

Kitty Cloverdale, the General's niece, a charming young rebel..... Lillian Cox

Coach ..... Jerry Bostick

Uncle Joe Sees the Junior Play

Old Darky Joe he lived up north,
Said he'd like to see this town,
So when the Junior Play came on,
He determined to come down.

The dear old man was so amazed
When he got on to the cars;
The very like he'd never seen—
It looked like the Planet Mars.

The night the Junior Play was played
Uncle Joe was right there on time.
He took the very foremost seat
When he heard the eight bells chime.

He thought the movies sure were slow
And scornfully shut his eyes.
As the curtain rose, all alert
He sat up, you will surmise.

"Now, thet's jest like old 'ginia times,
Before Marster set me free."
And tears began to dim his eyes,
Till he could scarcely see.

He said the widow sure was fine,
And looked so very fair;
She reminded him of his mistress tall,
As she sat in her high-backed chair.

Then Kitty, too, she looked just like
His old Marster's daughter dear,
That teased him just 'most night and day,
With laughter that rang so clear.

With the youthful lovers upon the stage
Uncle Joe began to smile—
Memories of his courtin' days came back,
When he walked 'most twenty mile.

He said, "I used to court my gal,
  Jest like he's a'courtin' her;
I put my arms around her so
  Until she cried 'Quit, now, sir!' "

"Is thet General Washington?"
  As Addis got his start;
But no, the program plainly showed
  That their years were far apart.

At poor white trash he wouldn't look,
  When Michley got his just due;
To see Luke Ransone as a spy,
  It made him feel quite blue.

But when his eyes on Grubbins fell,
  With contempt he turned his head,
For hen-pecked husbands were his cross,
  When they their cross wives did dread.

Of course he saw the widow's son,
  Who so nobly did his part,
Whom Kitty charmed with many smiles,
  Until he quite lost his heart.

Then out upon the stage there limped,
  The black ghost of Uncle Joe.
Its bravery was a sight to see,
  When it met its friend and foe.

Old Uncle Joe was much wrought up,
  And trembled in very dread;
He jumped upon his feet and cried,
  "Is I me, or am I dead?"

Now the dear old man was downright mad,
  To see that nigger act so;
He said he'd better go down south,
  And use his old rake and hoe.

MABEL GALBREATH, '16.

"Higbee of Harvard"

Senior Play May 13

LEFT TO RIGHT—Emma Ross, Cletus Reidelbach, Lawrence Riemenschneider, Ina Nitschke, Earl Lavengood, Lucy Zellers, Harold Dennis, Otho Riffle, Agnes Miller.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Watson W. Higbee from Montana; a good fellow with Millions, who knows neither fear nor grammar ..... Lawrence Riemenschneider

Hon. V. D. Withrow, a blue-blooded ex-senator with a tall family tree and a short bank account ..... Otho Riffle

Lorin Higbee, son of Watson, Champion athlete of Harvard. In love with Madge ..... Harold Dennis

Theodore Dalrymple, called "Ted." Worked his way through Harvard. In love with Nancy ..... Cletus Reidelbach

Higgins, the butler ..... Earl Lavengood

Nancy Withrow, the senator's daughter, an up-to-date level-headed girl ..... Emma Ross

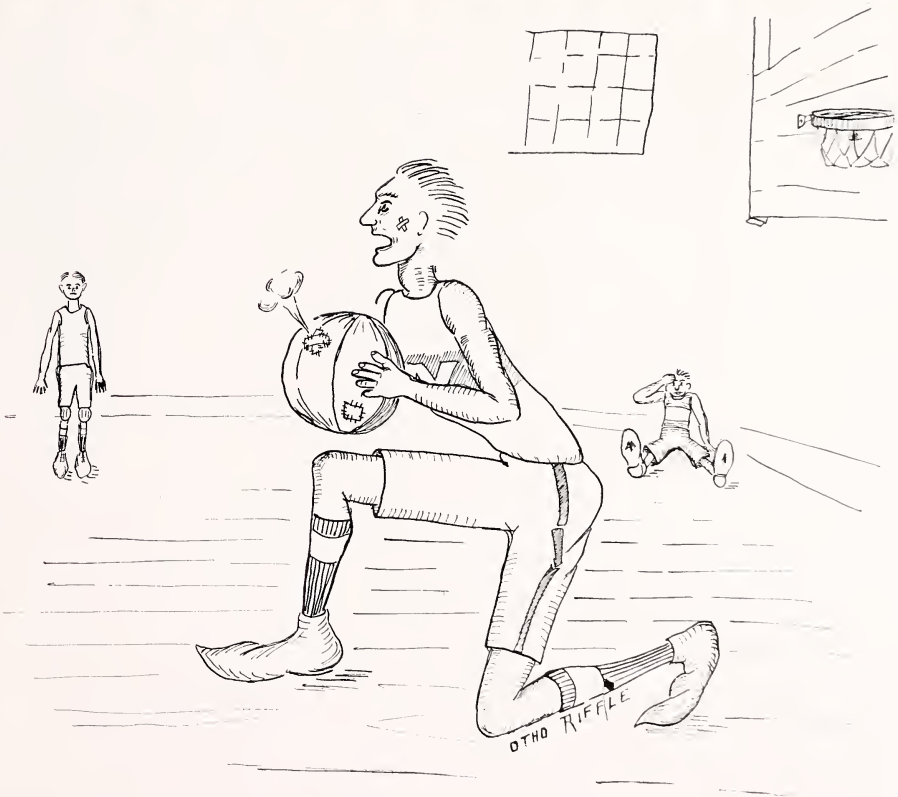
Madge Cummings, from Montana. A quiet sort with a temper when needed ..... Agnes Miller

Mrs. Ballon, the senator's sister from New York, who meets her second affinity at the eleventh hour ..... Lucy Zellers

Mrs. Malvina Meddigrew, originally from Missouri; must always " be shown" ..... Ina Nitzschke,

Coach ..... Jerry Bostick

ATHLETICS



Basket Ball Line-Up

Hobart Dennis (Capt.) ..... Forward
Harold Dennis ..... Forward
Richard Falvey ..... Forward
Howard Hodgen ..... Center
Cletus Reidelbach ..... Guard
Addis Fritz ..... Guard
James Hoover ..... Guard

Basket Ball

This year witnessed a revival of basket ball in W. H. S., due mostly to the construction of the new gym. After the local athletes had shown what they could do in baseball they turned to the indoor sport. Accordingly, "Hobe" Dennis was elected captain and called for candidates.

The season started with Dennis and Falvey forwards, Fritz and Reidelbach guards, and Hodgen at the pivotal position. Later came series of shifts, involving Capt. Dennis, Falvey, Doyle and "Heddie" Dennis at forward and "Big Jim" Hoover, Reidelbach, Fritz, and "Buke" Smith at guard.

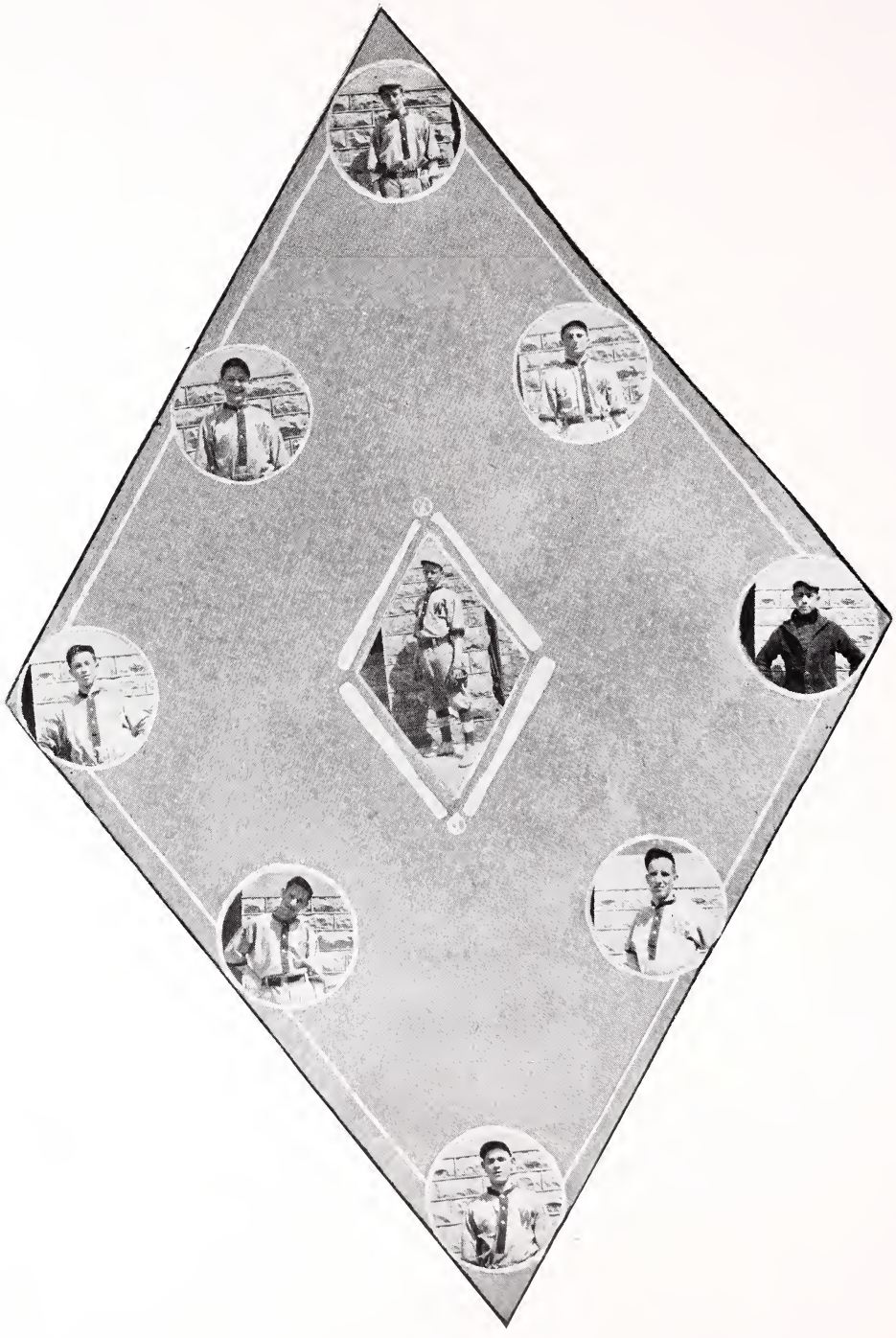
On the whole the season was very successful, the team losing but five games out of fourteen.

After the local season closed, Winamac went to Rochester to engage in the district tournament held March 5th and 6th. There, in the first of the series, the Winamac and Medaryville teams clashed. Luck certainly perched on the standards of the West-siders that night. Time and again, the leather would be passed down the floor to the Winamac goal and a score seemed inevitable, but the ball would sail up to the basket, spin around on the rim, and then roll out. Quoting from a Rochester paper, we find that "Winamac really had the better quintet and deserved to win." One Rochester paper said that "Falvey starred for Winamac," while another said that "Dennis was the shining light of the game." Medaryville entered the finals, but was beaten by the fast Rochester aggregation, by a score of 55 to 15.

Winamac High School	25	Francesville,	14
Winamac High School	37	Kewanna,	9
Winamac High School,	45	Francesville,	13
Winamac High School,	43	Kewanna,	17
Winamac High School,	19	Medaryville	28
Winamac High School,	23	Medaryville,	29
Winamac High School,	40	North Bend	10
Winamac High School,	27	North Bend	8
Winamac High School,	48	LaCrosse,	19
Winamac High School,	24	Burnettsvillle,	29
Winamac High School,	62	Ora,	13
Winamac High School,	2	Burnettsville,	44

AT ROCHESTER

Winamac High School,	27	Medaryville,	30



Base Ball

THE athletic season was opened this year in W. H. S. with the "great national game." Only two games were played however, both with Star City. The first Sept. 25, at Winamac, resulting in easy victory for the "red and white" lads, our boys outclassing their rivals in every phase of the game, and smothering them with a score of 18 to 4. Falvey's batting featured this contest.

Three weeks later, at Star City, a return game was played. Without any practice, preliminary basket-ball preparations having taken up about this time, the Winamackers had to fight every inch of the way to gain the verdict by count of 5 to 4. The battery work of the locals stood out pre-eminent, Capt. Dennis and Linn securing 5 of the 9 hits credited to the Winamac team. Several times the local pitcher looked as if he would "blow" but coolness on his part, nice assistance at the receiving end of the game, and an instance or two of spectacular fielding, pulled him out of the hole.

Confessions of a Base Ball Fan

A FEW of my personal characteristics will be a good preface for this story, as it was the display of those few characteristics which gave rise to the happenings of this story and caused me to look on the world as all a bluff.

I had the habit of running off at the mouth at any occasion such as a ball game. I would call the umpire names, jeer at the opposite players, and, if the crowd had no scrappy looking fellows in it, I would read their fortune. In addition, I was not a fighter. I was knocked out once and ever since I have either acted like a bad man and scared the other fellow, or taken to my feet.

At the time these foolish traits were dominant in my character I was going to high school, which was enough to make me crazier than I actually was. This said school had a ball team which often went into neighboring towns to play. I, being too weak-minded and feeble to play on the team, often sold junk and used other financial ruses to obtain money to go along.

On one occasion this team was billed for a game with the next town down the railroad track. This town was reputed as being a tough one. Having just enough money to take me there and let me walk back, I decided to go, even at the risk of being beaten up.

After the first inning, I saw no rough looking rooters around except a troop of school girls, so I commenced the gassing which ended in my downfall. The umpire was a school teacher, and like the run of them, was crooked and umpired for his team. I called him a fathead, who knew nothing of the rudiments of baseball. The athletic ball players I called decrepit consumptives who were cheating the graveyard and had no more business playing ball than I had running an airship.

Seeing that there were no dangerous men in the crowd, I raved on, getting more personal all the time. Finally, I began to hear rumors that I would get my block knocked off in a little while. I paid no attention, thinking they were trying to scare me, but finally it became evident that a terrible schoolboy would be down at any time, who had a stopper, in the way of a fist, that would just fit my mouth. I told them to get him and to bring a stretcher on which to carry him back. This talk was all bluff and I was beginning to get alarmed. All the bravado went out of me when I heard one say that "Jack" would fix me. Those fellows

named "Jack" are big, iron-fisted fellows who go to the navy and would as soon slaughter a fellow as look at him. Things looked bad and, although I was no coward, I disliked to be mangled by a big roughneck, even if I could whip him.

Some girls went to find Jack. Just then I saw a freight train pulling out of town for home, so I told the players I was going over to the City a minute but would be back. I had just reached the corner of a building when, on looking back, I saw a bunch of girls running towards me and leading with them a masculine form. I never noticed whether he was a second Jack Johnson or not, but began eating up the half mile stretch towards the freight. I was making good time but Jack made better time. Near my destination I hit a tussock, carooned, and lighted on my ear. I tried to get up, my hands in a praying attitude, when my ear was grasped and given a sharp twist. I had expected a blow like a ton of brick and, on receiving this little reprimand, I thought my humble attitude had pacified him. I turned to make an apology when I beheld Jack the Tenor. He was about five feet tall and fat as a match He wore black rimmed spectacles and had a nice pink complexion; his shoulders were stooped and ran off into long, awkward arms. In addition, he had a silk handkerchief in his upper coat pocket and a watch on his wrist.

I thought one moment of a doting mother then I went at him like a German carp goes for a Frenchman. I polished both his eyes, dug a well in his nose, which bled like a river, and so completely mangled him that he was taken away limp as a rag.

I strutted back to the game and my great bravery in a crisis so inspired the team that they won the game. Ever since then, I have always gone to the games for nothing. They say they like to have men along who are fighters and that are nervy.

ELMER LONG, '16.

"Uncle Billy"

While each year brought about changes in school life, both in surroundings and instructors, still, when we came back, we were always sure of finding one familiar face, that of "Uncle Billy."

Mr. Humes has won the friendship of all students because of his genial personality.

It may be interesting to note a few facts concerning his years of service as a janitor. He became janitor upon the completion of the present common school building in 1892, and has served in that capacity ever since. During this time, he has handled 4,968 tons of coal has used fifty six dozen of brooms, with which he has swept 3,873 acres of floor space. In his twenty-three years of service he has been off duty only two months and five days, and that because of illness.

The Seniors gave a surprise party on Ina Nitzschke, September 7th, at her home. Dainty refreshments were served but they must have had a bad effect on two of the crowd, for they rolled out of their hired buggy on the return trip.

Miss Lucy Agnew entertained the Sophomores, September 25th, at her home. The entire class was present with Mr. Milholland, the guest of honor, representing the faculty.

The Junior Class met September 25th with Miss Myrtle Kilander. Some unknown persons (?) relieved the members of the commissary department of the refreshments before they reached the house. Aside from this, and the fact that the boys of the class had found it necessary to go elsewhere, the guests enjoyed themselves as much as possible.

On Friday evening, October 2, the Freshman Class was entertained by Miss Olive Jenkins. Appropriate games for "Freshies" were played. After the refreshments, the crowd took an early departure for home.

On Hallowe'en the High School was well represented at a party at Mary Henry's home. Ghosts and witches piloted us to the house and to the fortune tellers. Light refreshments were served and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing on the porch.

On October 30th, the Senior boys delightfully entertained the girls of the class at the K. of C. hall. The hall was appropriately decorated with Hallowe'en symbols. At a late hour, the guests partook of light refreshments, prepared by the boys themselves. The honor guests were Gill Gordon and Foster Rearick.

The Sophomores and their friends spent a pleasant evening November 6th at the home of Hazel Degner, southwest of town. The trip was made on a hayrack. Games were played and refreshments were served. The guests then danced to the music of an old-fashioned music box.

The Senior class was entertained by a bob-sled ride out to Ina Nitzschke's, December 15th. After the refreshments of cake and lemonade, games were played, along with dancing the old-fashioned Virginia Reel.

The Junior Class gave a party to the Sophomores March 30th, in the Gorrell Hall. The evening was spent in teaching the Sophomores to dance. This party was the first of a series to be given by the Juniors. Freshmen next!

The Freshman class gave a "competition" party April 6th. Leona Munchenburg entertained the Freshman basket ball team and six of the Freshman girls. Those not invited to this party gave a party in the Gorrell hall.

The Sophomore class entertained the Junior class in Gorrell's hall, April 30th. This party was given in return for the party given by the Juniors for the Sophomore class.

Those Parties

Might as well not study,
Not a bit of use:
Never get the right things;
Teachers are the deuce;
Ask you every question,
Except the one you know,
And then expect an answer,
With everything just so.

Telephonic jingle
Needs must scatter gloom;
Just a call for help in
Giving fudge a boom.
Purple socks are better,
Change is quickly made;
Now another collar,
Shame to be delayed.

Whistling, laughing, singing,
Cheerful, gay and bright,
Full of fun and frolic,
Hates to say good night;
Soon is all forgotten,
Wrapt in slumber deep,
"Tests may go to thunder,
Got to have some sleep."

K
O
E
J
S

Addis Fritz (on exam., when told to explain Carlyle's theory on the "sowing of wild oats."). There would not be so much sowing of wild oats if folks would watch the colts.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

All observed (?)

1. Jim Hoover—Resolved, to learn to dance this year.
2. James Keplar—Resolved, to quit swearing and go to cussing.
3. Wasser—Resolved, to roll no more marbles in assembly room.
4. Remy—Resolved, to throw no more snow balls at Millholland.
5. Richard Falvey—Resolved, to hop no more freight trains.
6. Ham Long—Resolved, to find a girl this year.
7. Gladys K.—Resolved, to stop putting my gum on chairs.
8. Cletus—Resolved, to smoke no more cigarettes and begin smoking a strong pipe.

Violet M. (viewing the players after a game)—How do you suppose they ever get the dirt off?

Alma S.—Well, what do you think the scrub team is for?

Miss H. (in English IV)—Agnes, do you consider four miles an hour fast riding?

Agnes—It's acording to whom you are riding with.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Mary P. with her hair combed?
Fred Linn looking in a book?
Nina A. not looking at some boy?
Ina N. sitting quiet?
Marcella H. without her lessons?
Ross W. with something to do?
James Doyle behaving?
Agnes Bain in mischief?
Carl B. without something to eat?
Millholland not blushing?
Irene K. using slang?
Mr. Geiser laughing loudly?
Cletus R. not writing notes nor riding his pony (Latin)?
Gladys K. translating her own Latin?
Mae Stark with the advoirdupois of Miss H.?
Helen P. without her Foster child?
Violet M. on time on Monday morning?
Jim Hoover smoking?
Ham Long without his pipe?
Agnes M. not hunting some one to love?

Miss H. (in Eng. II)—Where is your dramatization of Marmion, Thomas?

Tommy—I had the toothache and couldn't dramatize.

"When they take the girl from the High School what will follow?" asked the Speaker.

"I will," yelled Buke Smith.

Agnes Miller (on exam. paper)—Pilgrim's Progress was written by John *Bunion.*

Favorite Toast—Here's to our parents and teachers. May they never meet.

THE FRESHMAN PICTURES

We Freshmen had our pictures tookin',
And the best of it is, we were all good lookin'.
Bart said we were the best lookin' crowd
But he seemed afraid to say it right out loud.
I don't believe he meant a word he said,
And he can't poke that into my head;
For he told the Sophomores the day before
The same when they were lined up on the floor.
Now study our faces one by one,
Then shut the TOTEM and say for fun,
"A better looking crowd has never been found;
It does me good to have their smiling faces around."

A FRESHIE.

The path of glory leads but to the grave—especially if it's the war path.

Teacher—How many make a million?

Wasser—Very few.

Mr. Geiser—What is a socialist?

Hobe D.—It's a fellow that'll divide his thirst with you if you'll divide your beer.

JUNIOR QUIZ

Q. quite surprised
U. unprepared.
I. ignorance.
Z. zeros.

Ham Long sez: "Smoke now or you'll smoke in the hereafter." And by the looks of Ham's pipe he's been living up to his saying.

EXPLANATION OF CAUSE AND RESULT.

Cause—	*Result*—
A boy—a book—	Book neglected—
A girl—a look.	Flunk expected.

Prof.—When was Christianity introduced into England?
Lloyd W.—75 B. C.

Problem—Did you ever try to figure when the Freshmen boys would be men?

THE MODERN VERSION.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a Freshman.
He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is a Sophomore.
He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is a Junior.
He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a Senior.

Mr. Capouch (in Agriculture)—What is a foul disease?
Elizabeth W.—Chicken pox.

Miss F. (in Latin I)—Give me the past tense of slain.
Nina Em.—Dead like the Winamac girls.

Buke Smith's definition of our gymnasium—A splendid dance hall (?) enjoyed by the rubber shod ones.

J. M. G. (In Hist. IV)—James, did I not tell you to be prepared? And here you are unable to repeat a word of it.
James K.—I did not think it necessary. History repeats itself, you know.

Milholland (to Foster on Monday morning)—Why are you late?
Answer—Because I am not here when the bell rings.

In Physics—Why does lightning never strike twice in the same place?
Lawrence—Huh, it never needs to.

Fred L. (reading in Grammar IV)—To my extreme mortification I grow wiser every day.

Blanche Rhode (giving a definition in Eng. II)—A ptarmigan is a sort of gronse with feathers on.

Miss H. (in Eng IV)—What is a ruff?
Earl L.—The bottom of a dress.

Visitor—Is Richard still pursuing his studies in High School?
Teacher—I guess so; he's always behind.

Freshman—Where are the bath rooms in the new building to be?
Sophomore—There're not going to be any bath rooms;they're putting in vacuum cleaners for you Freshmen.

Miss H. (in Grammar IV)—What is the gender of fool?
Helen P.—Masculine.

RECIPE FOR FLUNKERS

Take a string of bluffs, stir in one pound of thin excuses, add a few class parties, sift in a considerable time for gym practice, flavor well with pure moonlight bottled during evening strolls; boil well and stir before using. Serve hot at the end of each semester for each course.

Seen on Elmer Long's desk when a request was made for name slips to be left on desks, after moving to new building—A card bearing name "Sidney Priff."

Mr. Geiser (in Physical Geography)—What is a llama?
Foolish Freshie—A bird.

Miss H (in Eng. IV)—What voices are like marsh-divers?
Jim H.—Frogs.

Ashes to Ashes,
Dust to Dust;
If English don't kill us,
Geometry must.

Jim Kepler says of Shelley, "He was a man who believed in Christ and dabbled a little in politics." Marvelous!

Earl Lavengood says Burns wrote "The Address to Uncle Gede."

Carl B. (reading)—The building had matchless *cemetery.*

MR. GEISER IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

A History professor said, "Ay, sir,"
As he sat on a somnolent geyser;
When the geyser awoke
(And here comes the joke,)
The guide said, "There goes a wise guy, sir."

Miss Frazier (in German I)—Look out of the window and then tell me "I see a snow-bird."
Truthful Bobbie—"But I don't see any."

Hodgen—I asked my girl if I could see her home last night.
Kepler—What did she say?
Hodgen—Yes, if I got up on a high building.

SHULTZIE SAYS

(Passed by "The National Board of Censorship")

Night-owls Somdimes becomes Jailbirds.

Wilcox says he pet derfeller vot wrote "Beautiful Snow" nefer had to Shovel any. Weldy und Biff haff joined der Sauer-Kraut club.

"Der Worldt owes us a livin'", but Hamm Long says darned few vas able to collect id

"Vot's all dot crowd down der streed?", I says to Reidelbach, "Iss der ein fire?" "Naw" he says, dot sonly Heinie Grabner mit ein Fatima.

- Red Bishop says Bowse Vills aindt much of an ardist, but he's purty gute at drawin' der Corks from boddles.

— Keplar to Hoover—
"For vy do you talk mit yourself so much, Hoover, pychimeny vy?"

— Hoover to Keplar—
"For two reasons, I like to talk mit ein sensible man und I like to hear ein sensible man talk."

Herr Levi Fisher says he vunders dot ven sailor's iss called "Seadogs", aeronauts aindt called "Skye-terriers."

Ven Money talks,
Vot does id tell?
to me id says,
Hello! Farewell!

"Der's nothing new under der sun", but haff you seen Fritz's new girl?

Der "Target Practice" Club has reorganized, mit Dick Falvey as "Controller," J. Doyle, "polisher of targets" und Bowser Vills, "Keeper of Ammunition," to succeed J. Ryan, resigned. Herr Fisher ist ein Candidate for Membership.

Motto. "Don't chew the rag, chew Piper Heidseick."

Target, The store at "Pats Place."

Pig Bis

From the Realms of W. H. S.

"Ross, did you just whistle?"
"No, ma'am, it was not I."
Up stepped Milholland from the rear
And said, "That is a lie."

"Is that you throwing all these marbles?"
"I threw one yesterday."
"Well, cut out all these monkey shines,
Or I'll have more to say."

"Your seat isn't in the rear anymore,
It's where Marie used to sit,
You could not behave back here
So I put you where I see fit."

A boy to school his boots did wear,
And Geiser chanced to meet,
Said he to him, "You are all right,
But you'll have to watch your feet."

Said Myrtle K. to Elmer L.
"Have you your English got?"
Said Elmer L. to Myrtle K.,
"Indeed, I have it not."

Said Henry G. to Agnes B.
"Why don't you ever grow?"
Said Agnes B. to Henry G.
"Indeed, I do not know."

"Ross, I see you are late again."
"Yes Sir," the Junior said.
"Did your clock stop again,
Or did you just get out of bed?"

O teacher, my teacher,
Why do you watch me so?
I really mean no mischief,
But only want to know:
Who threw that marble up the aisle,
Who laughed so loud like that,
Who dropped that book on the floor,
And who brought in that cat?

September—

7—Back to school again. Seniors hold a reunion out west of town.

8—Freshmen and others get hungry about 10 o'clock and want to go home.

9—General Chorus: "Wake, Freshmen, Wake."

14—Emma R. (reading in Grammar IV) "How many summers, love, have I have been thine?"

Lawrence on the back row blushes.

18—James Hoover enjoys "Happy Moments," manipulating the Victrola. (By the way, has anyone here seen it since?)

21—The pirate flag, that wonderful orange and black, is seen floating on the breeze. Ask Mr. Wilcox for particulars.

22—The wrecking crew removes the despicable object.

23—Wilcox again puts it up. Seniors, too engrossed in bigger things, leave such trivial matters with the underclassmen.

25—Miss Hendrickson makes a brilliant expression, concerning a "skull's head."

30—New building will soon be ready. Only be patient.

October—

1—Cletus R. (next morning after party)—"Brother, I'm bobbed!"

Boys—"Who bobbed you?"

Cletus—"Thelma B. (Freshie.)

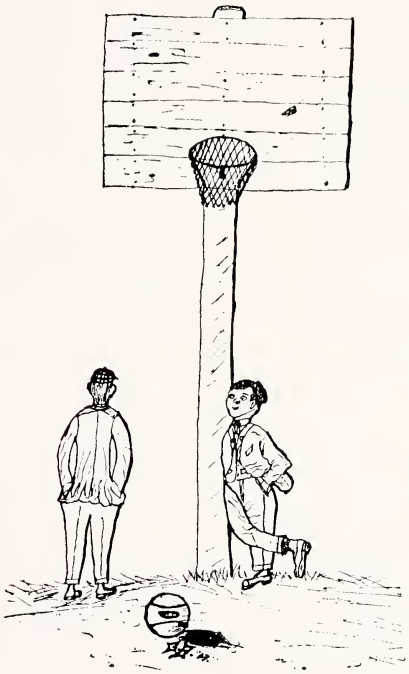
2—Milholland assures Arithmetic class that he has had no experience in papering or carpeting, but hopes he will have some day.

4—Myrtle K. heard to familiarly call Addis F. "Addie."

8—The Senior boys become interested in politics and hear Senator Beveridge.

9—The truants are requested to roam at large for three days. Mr. Geiser must have different politics.

12—Mr. Geiser delivered an elegant speech on how to get a permit for leave of absence.



13—Jim Ryan and Ham Long give their invaluable advice to the B. B. team.

20—"Ocie's" Wedding day. Senior girlls green with envy.

24—Miss H. "I thought of something today." Wonder of wonders.

28—Ota W., on her daily trip to Milly's desk, "I want a volume of Pope's unpublished poems."

30—Senior boys entertain the girls. Hoover interrupts dance by burning out of fuse. "Good Night, Ladies."

November—

2—J. M. G. in Hist. II. "What magnificent edifice did Solomon leave to the world?" Warty J.—"His Harem." Confusion reigns.

4—A dead squirrel seen to enter the assembly.

10—High School girls make frequent trips to the dictionary to smile at the young painters across the way.

13—Fred L. reading in Grammar IV. "To my extreme mortification I grow wiser every day."

17—"Doc" caught munching, in Eng. II; fired from class till "meal is over," returns with tooth pick in mouth.

19—"Keep out of the new building."

20—Mr. Geiser in Hist. IV. "Where did the British army go from Boston?" Agnes M. "To Halifax."

21—Milholland visits his—grandmother in North Judson.

23—High School students scatter to four quarters of world to enjoy Thanksgiving vacation and chicken.

December—

1—J. M. G. "All a man has he gives to his wife" Such extravagance!

2—Seen printed on C. R's. Cicero in large, conspicuous letters "Misery III."

5—Freshmen write letters to Santa Claus.

7—We, with patience of Job, await the completion of the new building.

10—Milly decided this was a pretty good place to "stick around for awhile" especially when the glue took effect.

15—Freshies discuss Christmas presents.

21—High School resembles Children of Israel, entering the Promised Land, as they move into the new school. Goodbye forever to the old building.

24—Freshmen exchange Christmas presents. We envy them. School over for vacation.

January—

4—Down to earth again! Helen H. and Nina Em Aery join hands and sing "Sympathy."

8—On this day, Jan. 8, 1915, A. D., James Ryan departed this school life.

13—The new smoking place—the ice house.

SMOKERS CLUB

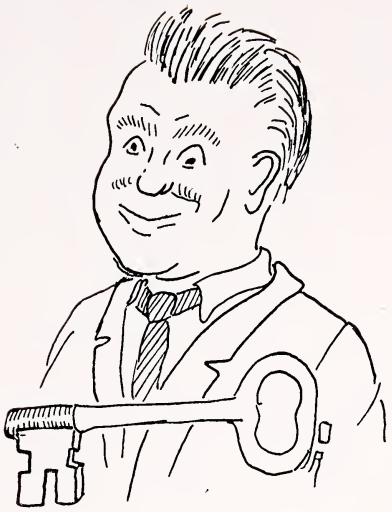
14—Rev. C. C. Crawford advises H. S. students to hitch their gocarts to a star.

16—Milholland appears in another new suit. (His old pal, Max Barnett's proprietor, is closing out, we hear.)

20—Agnes Miller (judging from experience) "Say, Cora and 'her beau-lover' must have fallen out. Her hair is never curled on Monday morning any more."

22—Fritz makes his appearance in his Sunday-go-to-see-your-girl purple suit. Also wears new golashes to go with it.

24—Barnyard noises in the assembly. Milly paces back and forth like a helpless lion.



28—Paul Wasser wears a large key—a la Miss Hendrickson.

29—When J. M. G. asked Cletus the method of garbage disposal in this village, "Clete" wisely uttered "chickens."

31—The ambitious arrogant Juniors begin thinking of "the" play.

February—

1—Miss Rahm and Mr. Geiser appear in bow ties.

5—Wedding collars and ties.

6—Bostick's ghost, alias Ross Wills, tosses back his pomp—a la Jerry.

9—First Jerry-co Bostick-o conference

11—Second spasm. We cannot take further space for all such conferences.

12—Lorah S. and Bowse have a territorial dispute over right to put golashes in the aisle.

13—When asked to translate "Ich bin es," with great emphasis, Gill G. confidently says, "I am it."

14—Freshies exchange Valentines.

15—Mr. Geiser philosophically tells the unsophisticated Juniors in History III that he does not believe in too many dates. Ross, just waking up from a Monday morn nap, assents, "That's right."

16—Milholland (talking of the mercury lamp at the telephone office) "It makes a funny color—blue, I guess."

18—Hobart receives a dainty missive from one of his numerous admirers.

19—The Juniors all excited over "the" play.

20—Bostick advises Violet and Hodgen to practice on the way home.

22—How old IS Virginia?

24—"The" play meets with great success. Big feed follows.

26—Miss Frazier heard to remark that she wants her lover to act just like "Robert."

27—Senior boys play marbles with Freshmen.

March—

2—Ham Long receives a note which he hands over at once to Milholland.

3—Otho R. seen with flowers swiped from somebody's hat.

4—Geiser and Milholland plan a raid on the Smokers' club, of which "Clet" and "Hobe" are president and secretary, respectively.

6—Jim Kep., future mayor of Pulaski, makes another gesticulatory recitation.

8—Miss F. (in German I) with hand on her head, "Vas ist das?" Leona M. "Dat ist der block!"

10—Girls' chorus take "A Vocal Gallop."

11—Kink Mitchell misplaces his tie clasp and is now wearing candy tongs.

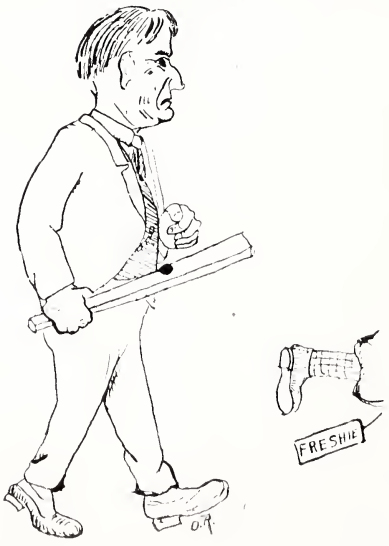
12—Little mirror club organized, with "Doctor" Rearick as president.

13—Marcella still talking about what a dear lover Howard made.

16—Lorah S. chooses "Byran" as a thesis subject.

17—Juniors wear green, but don't know why.

18—Geiser advises Freshmen not to get too sweet on one another.



20—Spring and spring fever begin.

25—Miss Rahm killed a spider, in second period. Poor spider!

30—Many succumb to the pinkeye and spring fever. Both very contagious.

April—

5—Geiser appears in a new suit.

7—Milholland goes to North Judson to visit Ota's ancestors.

8—Chewing gum rules announced. Before entering, stick gum on the outside of the building, or on your ear.

9—Geiser to Alma S. in Hist. III "If you can't express yourself, send yourself by freight.

13—Mr. Geiser pursues "Bobby."

14—Dick and Paul tardy. Everybody gazes as Dick's phenomenal feet vibrate on the floor.

16—Act I., Dead mouse seen on the floor near Wiesjahn's desk. Act II., Wounded Teddy bear near Kink M. Act III., Milholland everywhere.

20—Agnes M. sheds her sweater for the winter.

23—Marie Bond sent John another note.

26—"Doc" forgot to wind his watch last evening after coming home, so he took the assembly period to do it.

29—Some simpering Sophomore boys went swimming, and, in some mysterious way, their clothes came up to school, minus the boys.

30—Kink M. buttons his shoes in Physics class.

May—

3—Measles! Quite popular!

5—Mr. Capouch tells the Botany class about the spring fever germ.

7—Several faculty members seen laden with railway folders preparatory to trip West.

8—Freshmen boys go fishing. Did they catch anything? Yes, when they got back.

10—Senior girls call class meeting to discuss "the" commencement dress.

11—Juniors planning the reception.

12—Everybody is talking about "Higbee of Harvard."

13—Mr. Geiser, "I shall can the very next ones I find writing or passing notes."

16—The Seniors disobey rules.

17—Mr. Geiser catches them in the act.

18—The faculty has taken the matter under advisement.

19—The case has been appealed to the Board of Education for settlement.

20—The verdict has been returned and the sentence passed. It was decided that the Seniors should be excommunicated from the school, never to return again.

21—Our big day !

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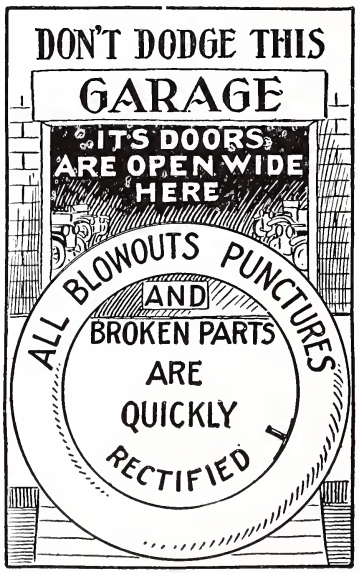

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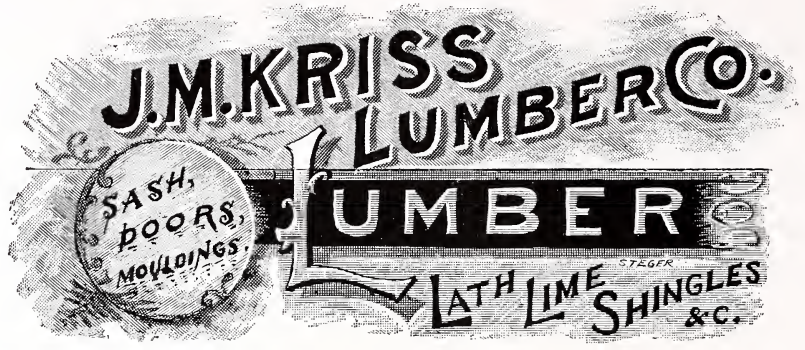

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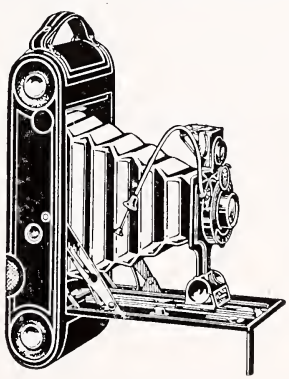

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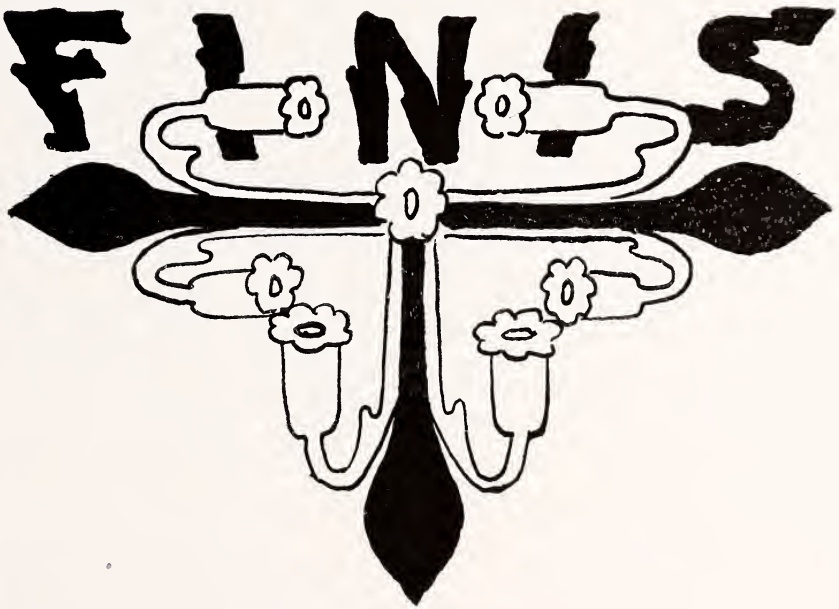

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